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Page 1095. "Perhaps you don't care, but whoever told you that the Prince's green stones were rubies told an untruth. They were superb emeralds. Those strings of pearls and emeralds were famous all over Bombay."

"All right; I'll make them emeralds, but it loses force. Green rubies is a fresh thing. And, besides, it was one of the Prince's own staff liars that told me."

Volume III. is full of the fruits of old age: sorrow, losses, and loneliness, with fame, honors, and friendships. It is of the spirit, too, of this great man that he never quite reconciled himself to a world so deeply at odds with the human heart. "A man," he said, "who is a pessimist before forty-eight knows too much; and a man who after forty-eight isn't a pessimist knows too little."

He had, this great genius, the pessimism of Shakespeare, which from the sonnets to "Timon of Athens" never once juggled with the vanity of the world, but to the last speaks his "contempt of nature." To the last Mark Twain was never dazzled; he had a quaint and whimsical way of speaking of "the damned human race," and he congratulated and envied the happy dead. As time passes, doubtless Mark Twain will come more and more to his own, and will stand not only as one of our most original and vital geniuses, but as one of our truly great Americans. His mind was unfettered by traditions, and he was, beyond all other American writers of his time, unless one except Walt Whitman, the vigorous natural growth of young American soil. The English, who are keen critics, are not so wrong in their enthusiastic acceptance of him.

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SOUTH AMERICA. By JAMES BRYCE. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

Mr. Bryce visited South America in 1910, about a century after her Spanish-American peoples began the process of getting rid of Spanish rule, or misrule. He traveled through all the countries that compose the southern continent except Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Paraguay, and the Guianas. The observations made and the impressions received during four months of travel, under favorable circumstances, in seven different republics, would justify six volumes rather than one.

The course of our author's journey took him first to Panama, which he includes in South America, and the Canal Zone. He pays due honor to the work of building the canal, "the greatest liberty man has ever taken with nature," and to the efficiency and skill of Colonel Goethals and his guardian angel, Colonel Gorgas.

Sailing from Panama to Callao (Guayaquil was under quarantine), the traveler encountered the great Antarctic, or Humboldt, current, a worthy rival of the Gulf Stream, which chills the ocean and the land, and causes fogs and clouds that obscure the sun and cut off the view of the coast. Chapters II., III., and IV. are given to "The Coast of Peru," "Cuzco and the Land of the Incas," and "Lake Titicaca and the Central Andes." While Peru is not in the same class with the southern and eastern republics, Chili, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, it is quite as interesting, not only because it was the scene of Pizarro's conquest and the headquarters of Spanish dominion, but for its scenery, its

cities, its government, and its people; but where it is impossible to dwell upon each of these countries, a selection must be made, and the lot falls on "La Paz and the Bolivian Desert," certainly one of the most interesting chapters. Bolivia has no good reason for not being a part of Peru. In Spanish times the viceroyalty of Peru included not only Bolivia, but what is now Argentina as well. It takes its name from Bolivar, the "Liberator," himself a Venezuelan. With an area greater than that of Germany and Austria-Hungary, it has a population no larger than Denmark's. The white population of 200,000 constitute the real political Bolivia. This ruling class is not entirely of pure white blood, but most of them have a mixture of Indian blood. Most of the population live on a plateau, much of it eight to ten thousand feet above sea-level. On this "wind-swept roof of the world" it is always cold; the mean temperature is fifty degrees; to be comfortable a European must be in the sunshine; there are no fires, no fireplaces, and practically no fuel. At night the water freezes in the sleeping-car. The natives do not mind it. They seem satisfied with their lot and with the pleasures afforded by their fairs and festivals, their alcohol and the coca leaf. To the chewing of this leaf all the Indians are addicted, and it enables them to endure days of fatigue without food. It seems entirely innocuous, though the terrible cocaine is its concentrated essence. These native Indians, forming nine-tenths of the population, are entitled to vote, but do not do so. They care nothing for government. "He neither loves nor hates, but fears, the white man; and the white man neither loves nor hates, but despises, him." "Neither of them ever refers to the Conquest. The white man does not honor the memory of Pizarro; to the Indian the story is too dim and distant to affect his mind."

There are six cities in Bolivia, and of these La Paz, with a population of 50,000, is the virtual, though not the official, capital of the republic. La Paz is interesting not so much because of what it is as because of where it is. There is nothing for the stranger to do but wander through the market and buy vicuña rugs. Yet it is a "fascinating spot." It is at the bottom of a pit, yet it is the loftiest capital in the world. The traveler as he approaches looks in vain for the city. He leaves the train at the station, still wondering where it is, walks a few yards, and then "suddenly pulls up with a start on the edge of a yawning abyss," and at the bottom of this abyss is the city. His first view is literally a bird's-eye view. "It is a picturesque place, with a character so peculiar that it makes for itself a niche in the memory and stays there, as being unlike any other place." A ride of seven miles from the city takes one to a land of rubber, alligators, and jaguars. One of the city's fascinations is "the magnificent snowy mass of Illimani, towering into the blue sky, with glaciers which seem to hang over the city, though they are forty miles away, its three pinnacles of snow turning to a vivid rose under the departing sun." Indeed, as might be expected of an ex-president of the Alpine Club, Mr. Bryce again and again records in vivid language the glories of the majestic peaks of the Andes, to which he turned so often his admiring and, we suspect, longing eyes. Bolivia needs, above all, railways, and many are being built; and ere long—if it is not already the case—there will be a through line from Arica, on the Pacific coast, *via* La Paz, to Buenos Ayres, by which one may make the trip in four days.

The next six chapters are devoted to "Chile," "The Straits of Magellan," "Argentina," "Uruguay," and "Brazil," and to a trip across the Andes from Chile, by way of the railway through the Uspallata Pass, to Mendoza in Argentina, and the return by the same route. Of these we have no space to speak, not even of the "Christ of the Andes," in one way the most remarkable statue in the world.

The remaining chapters are entitled "The Rise of New Nations," "The Relations of Races in South America," "The Two Americas and the Relation of South America to Europe," "The Conditions of Political Life in Spanish-American Republics," and "Some Reflections and Forecasts."

In these days when the provision of food for the world, space for the growing populations to live in, results of the mixture of races, the effects on commerce of the Panama Canal, and the validity and value of the Monroe Doctrine, are questions which more and more demand attention, this book is valuable, not only because of its timeliness, but peculiarly because of the competence and position of its author.

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LONDON LAVENDER. By E. V. LUCAS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

Mr. E. V. Lucas is so prolific as to inspire distrust. He is among the few authors who has gained such mastery of his craft that he can have three new books at a time on the market. Of the three issued this holiday season, *London Lavender* is the most charming. In this volume Mr. Lucas follows the vein of *Over Bemerton's* and *Listener's Lure*. It is a volume of thirty-eight essays, with a thread of story and the same characters reappearing. Mr. Lucas has a real genius for touching off a character in a few words, and then making it live and speak a consistent part. Adolphus Heathcote, a young man about town, is an entirely delightful bit of portraiture, done with humor and accuracy. Sir Gaston Ingleside, with his touch of Mr. Lucas's own genial yet reticent humor, is as delightful, and Naomi is an ideal feminine character, drawn as a man sees her.

It is Adolphus who comes to the writer for advice as to marrying the young lady to whom he has been engaged several years.

"Look here, Mr. Falconer," said Dollie; "you know the world and you're married. What do you advise me to do? Do you think I am really a marrying man?"

"Not impetuously," I replied.

In the end the counselor advises Dollie either to "cultivate the bump of philoprogenitiveness, which is a counsel of perfection, or else to follow the example of an illustrious statesman and cultivate an attitude of expectant hesitancy."

It would be misleading to speak of Mr. Lucas's book as profound or informing. But for those who like to look at life and humanity through the mind of a gentle and humorous observer, few modern volumes contain as fine a glass as Mr. Lucas's. His books are not unlike English counterparts of the writings of our own humorist, Edward S. Martin. The book contains one or two good short stories contained within the long one, as in the chapters entitled: "In which I become the very opposite of a thief, yet feel all a thief's guilt," and "In which a company of intel-